

Herald 231

Chapter 231 Corrupting Mikaya (Part-2)

As Alexander was looking at the giggling, lust-filled face of the succubus, he was having some serious thoughts, "She won't do something stupid for sex right?"

Mikaya's abnormal level of desire for sex gave s giving Alexander some serious pause for thought.

And then the dreadful thought of 'If Pasha Farzah finds out...' came to his mind as he shivered a bit to think what that bear of a man would do to him if he found out that he was using his daughter as a flesh puppet.

But the greed for the amount of money he could earn using these three and the desire to punish Mikaya made Alexander take on this very risky endeavor.

From a logical point of view, the risks were not worth the rewards, but for Alexander, this was an emotional decision and so he nevertheless went ahead with this perilous thought.

"I apologize for any inconvenience I might have unintentionally might have caused you, my lady. It was never my intention to cause you to miss your party," Alexander in a fake tone apologized and performed a bow.

The artificiality of this was not lost on Mikaya, who smirked, and asked in a teasing tone, "So how does my dear Alex want to compensate me?"

It seemed Mikaya had found a new word to tease Alexander with.

"Hehehe," Alexander chuckled and narrowed his eyes darkly in anger at her use of this word reserved for the women he liked.

But he didn't lash out.

He would have enough time to do so later.

And Mikaya knew that and was actually looking forward to it as she had intentionally said the word three times already.

Alexander then started his answer, "Lady Mikaya, up until now you have had only nobles as your partner. But have you not wondered what a commoner would taste like?"

But Mikaya shot him quickly down, "Why would I want to have something that tastes nasty?" Mikaya frowned in disgust.

Then she made her position on Alexander's proposal very clear. "Pasha Alexander, I'm only interested in nobles. If you want me in your brothel, I will only serve nobles."

Tajia too stepped up her support for Mikaya as she gave an analogy, "That's right! We have only eaten white bread in our life. Does it mean we should lament that we never had the common brown bread?"

Seeing such a staunch resistance, Alexander tried a different approach to convince the girls.

"Haha, my lady, just like a true foodie does not pass judgment by simply looking or hearing about a dish, as a true sex connoisseur, I think you should at least sample the good before making the decision." Alexander tempted.

"Oh? And who said I didn't?" Mikaya asked raising an eyebrow, and then smirked, "I did try a stable boy once but found him to be scrawny, and a quick shot with no technique. No thanks."

Mikaya raised her palms at the end of recalling her memory, producing a little pout after having to remember that unsatisfying experience.

What Alexander really wanted to say to her as the counter was, 'Should I also judge every noblewoman to be just as loose just by looking at you?'

But, though the thought surfaced to his mind, he didn't due to politeness,

Instead, he argued, "My lady, I believe it is wrong for you to pass judgment on every single commoner just based on a single experience, especially when it was with a boy of all people,"

But Mikaya was not convinced by his argument as she turned her head and languidly said, "I have eaten nobles and they all tasted fine. So, I don't want to taste the nasty stuff."

She did not want to change her 'eating' habit and Alexander's persistence was beginning to bore her, and so she began to lose interest in Alexander and her demeanor was starting to revert back to the previous one.

The fish was starting to lose interest in the bait and attempting to swim off.

And Mikaya's preference for nobles could not really be faulted.

Because in a society where food was generally scarce, the well-fed nobles tended to be much better nourished than the commoners, making them taller, stronger, and more muscular.

And Mikaya's choice was aided by the fact that the young nobles that she targeted were usually of military age and thus very fit.

And thus it meant that on average they were bigger and fatter down there.

"That's right. With the kind of skeletons that are running around the city, mistress would feel more from a needle prick," Nafia sneered at Alexander, her heart leaping with joy that Alexander's plan had failed.

'For a moment there I thought my heart would burst,' Nafia breathed a sigh of relief that her mercurial mistress had lost interest in that insane proposal.

But as Nafia would find out just moments later, she was celebrating too soon.

'It is true that these malnourished peasants would normally be able to do nothing,' Alexander seemed to agree with Nafia's statement internally.

But then ominously added in his heart, "The key word here being 'normally'."

Alexander was truly interested to see the effects of the Shiva drug firsthand.

But naturally, he could reveal the existence of the shiva drug to Mikaya for security reasons, and besides, he suspected that Mikaya might think that Alexander was just pulling her leg by spinning these tall tales.

Instead, he revealed his ultimate attraction.

"Lady Mikaya has said herself that the reason you are displeased is because you couldn't attend the party you wanted to and by your own words, quote: 'I planned to try and break my own record of whoring myself out for three days and three nights' unquote." Alexander began.

"So, let me offer you my brothel as an alternative."

Alexander then quickly raised his palms and flashed them in a 'hold on' gesture and quickly said, "Before you reject me, let me say that the brothel will not be anything like you experienced."

He then raised his index fingers as he gave the description, "First of all you will be able to choose all your clients, save one mandatory partner we will choose for you once a week. So technically you can have sex just once a week."

Alexander's first offer seemed very generous at first glance, and it was in fact really generous, provided that it was not given to a sex-loving addict.

From what he had heard and seen, Alexander was sure Mikaya would not be even able to restrain herself to just once a day.

But regardless of the quality of Alexander's offer, it seemed to have little effect on the snow-colored beauty who was beginning to close her eyes and turn silent as a sign of disinterest.

And this was when Alexander said his magnum opus, "And once a fortnight, there will be a special charity event. Here Lady Mikaya will be put in a wall butt and be made to service cocks for twelve hours straight!"

This new word and the long time frame drew Mikaya's interest like a moth is drawn to a flame and she could raise her head again as she curiously asked, "What's a wall butt?"

Alexander gladly explained with a smile, "A wall butt is literally what it sounds like- a wall that a female's naked butt sticking out of it. Basically, a hole is carved out of a wall and a woman bends over and sticks her butt out, and...hehe, well I will leave the rest to Lady Mikaya's imagination." Alexander gave a sly smile.

And listening to Alexander's novel play had sent the ever-adventurous Mikaya's eyes sparkling with 'Waku, waku'.

And oh how she wished she could grow wings and fly to Matrak to try this out for herself

"Haha, oh Alex, I wish I could have met you sooner!" Mikaya giggled.

"But..mistress," Nafia tried to jump in quickly to stop her mistress but was promptly cut off by a single sound from Mikaya, "Shuush,"

Then the beautiful girl gave a sultry smile at Alexander and to his surprise still shook her head in rejection, saying, "I'm sorry, pasha Alexander. Although I found your idea very innovative and I will pay you back for the knowledge, but common scum just doesn't interest me."

Alexander did not find Mikaya's address of the common masses as scum as this sentiment was prevalent among the nobility.

But he did find the rejection so.

'Her pride is her so high!' Alexander made a correction to his evaluation of Mikaya.

And then he quickly came up with more features which he introduced, "Lady Mikaya, I was not done. Because a wall butt is not just a butt, it also has a front side. A place where a hole exists for men to stick their sticks in."

This new dimension made Mikaya think again and she began to be finally interested.

'Maybe I could try it just for once' She said to herself half-convinced.

Chapter 232 Corrupting Mikaya (Part-3)

As Mikaya slowly worked out how the novel thing that Alexander called the wall butt would work, Alexander was busy wagging his forked tongue.

"So, my lady just imagine. A cock you will likely never know enters a hole in the wall and directly into your warm, waiting mouth to enjoy, while you get railed from behind by men you even don't know."

He then produced a crafty glint in his eyes as he continued, "They could be your grocers, fishmongers, potters, stableboys, and servants, people who would not even dare to look at you, and now, unknowingly could be nailing and getting sucked off by their mistress."

Alexander in a whisper then asked, "Tell me? What would they think if they knew that it was their mistress they were fucking? Will they look at the drooling slutty hole where they had discharged their semen with disdain? Will they regret the actions that they had done? Or perhaps, they're going to be thankful for the opportunity to be able to embrace you, or maybe even regret that they didn't manage to savor the taste carefully...?"

Mikaya had gone red at the thought and was slightly panting in excitement.

The things that Alexander had said made her heart beat in many ways that it had not beaten for years.

She thought that compared to Alexander's ideas, her grand plan seemed tame, with nothing she had not done before and with no other men she had not been with.

But this was different, completely different.

And she loved the sound of it.

Mikaya looked at Alexander with both quivering excitement and some fear, as she remembered the teaching of her religious scripture, 'It's said that at the gates of judgment, god will judge the sinners. And the sinners will try to excuse themselves by saying. 'We did nothing wrong, it was the devil that led us astray'. And then the devil will appear in front of them and pronounce, 'I held no power over you. I could have never forced you to commit any wrong. All I could do was call and tempt you. So, every sin you did, you committed out of your own free will. I will never benefit you and you will never benefit me'.'

And Alexander felt like that devil to Mikaya.

He held no sway over her and if she refused, he could do nothing to her.

But the tempting lure that Alexander had cast was too strong for her to resist.

Even if she knew accepting this proposal could push her to the abyss, she knew she had to try at least once.

Because just imagining having hundreds of thick, hard cocks use her for hours, drenching her two holes with not just cum but also likely the yellow fluid, while her sore throat drank liters of the stuff made her have butterflies in the stomach.

'Maybe those brutes will put the coins in my butt and then have their way with me,' Mikaya was already thinking up more extreme scenarios.

"I...I will do it once," Mikaya panted the reply, basically saying that Alexander would have just one chance to convince her.

'Success! Hahaha,' Alexander did a cartwheel inside his mind hearing this as he believed with the use of the shiva drug, Mikaya would never be able to say no once she tasted it.

But the one person, who was still sane- Nafia, saw the offer for what it was and tried for the last time to stop this very bad idea.

"What! Mistress..that's...master would..." Nafia seemed to have lost her ability to form coherent sentences as she just opened and closed her mouth in disbelief.

'This..this can't be happening. Master sent the mistress here to stop this an...and now ..now,' The loyal maid felt faint as she screamed inside her head in despair at her mistress's wrong decision.

"Sis, just shut up," It was who Tajia snapped, finding her older sister's nagging irritating, and then smirked, "You are the one who screams the loudest during sex, so stop trying to act all innocent."

Nafia went silent after this, both in shame and by the realization of the eventuality of it all while this new information made Alexander smirk along with the younger sister with the thought, 'It's like they say, the introverts are always the closet perverts.'

"But Nafia did raise a good point, what about my father? Or the Queen mother?" Mikaya asked with a small frown.

Her father's anger was no joke.

And if anyone was ever in doubt, one only needed to look at the fact that he had destroyed a king and his successor for enraging him.

And Alexander was also weary of this, but externally downplayed the risks.

"My lady, please leave your security to me." He smiled while pounding his chest to reassure the cautious girl.

And then delineated by raising his index finger, "First of all, no one really knows your face Zanzan, with Matrak being literally the two thousand kilometers away. And you really have no one here except the ten guards and the six women that accompanied you."

Then came his middle finger, "Secondly, no one will ever dare accuse you of being a prostitute. There are easier ways to kill oneself than that. At best they will remark about the spitting image of a famous whore in a famous brothel and demand for you will only increase."

After rose the ring finger, "Thirdly, you will be disguised. Particularly your characteristic silver hair will either be dyed black or you will wear a wig. And obviously, you will have makeup such as eyeliner and powder to change your facial color."

And then came up the pinky, "And lastly, before the client is selected, you will have a chance to look at him from behind a translucent curtain or using mirrors. So there will be no nasty surprises of meeting someone you know in your chambers.."

Alexander then finished by asking, "Would lady Mikaya like to add any suggestions of her own?"

"..." A small breeze of silence blew through the man and women as the latter three looked in awe at Alexander's methodicalness.

'I probably could have come up with the three too. But not so fast,' Mikaya said to herself, feeling a bit defeated at Alexander's speed and the multi-faceted considerations that he took so quickly.

While the fourth point really opened her eyes to give a tiny insight into what kind of a rigorousness individual Alexander was.

And this produced a bittersweet feeling in Mikaya who found herself bested by someone she considered to be basically below her but also glad that it was somehow who was of a similar mind to her.

It had to be said Mikaya was far from being just a pretty face and was quite a competent administrator, with her lands that were gifted to her by her father being very profitable and letting the pasha earn quite a bit of revenue from them, and so making her feel defeated was so mean feat.

'Oh. if I could use him as my assistant,' Mikaya lampooned that she could not hire Alexander to manage her lands, while she partied all day and night longed.

Maybe she would have even occasionally let him have a tiny nibble.

"*Sigh*, the pasha is very one of a kind," Mikaya frankly admitted her loss with a little shake of her head.

But then quickly cheered up, "But if you were not, you couldn't have employed me as your whore could you? Hehehe." Her pearly laughter rang out as she slowly stood up to match Alexander's eye level.

Mikaya was in fact a bit taller than Alexander, exceeding six feet and as she stood up, she intentionally teased Alexander by putting her hands on hips and bending them at an angle, letting him marvel at her perfect proportions.

Alexander certainly found the pose very sexy and could not help but lampoon at letting such a beautiful woman slip through his fingertips, 'Oh, if only she was a bit more modest.'

Alexander did not need his women to be prudish blocks of wood, but he did demand loyalty, something he doubted Mikaya possessed or even produced.

Mikaya seemed to notice Alexander's rueful gaze and gave a coy smile while licking her lips, and thinking, 'Ahhh, I love that expression. That expression of countless men that wants to have me, possess me, bind me, but ultimately decided they can't deal with all the dirtiness, nastiness, and filthiness that comes with it. Ohhh, so delectable.' Mikaya had a light, suppressed orgasm.

She had always found it the height of hypocrisy that men could sleep around with no problem, but if she ever did it, it was wrong and immoral.

So with that sneering thought, Mikaya came to the issue of secrecy from prying eyes.

"And I'm sure you know how to manage the queen mother?" She asked.

This was certainly a great obstacle and Mikaya was interested to know how the magic answering machine Alexander would answer.

And she was not disappointed as Alexander gave a very bold statement, "Whether the queen mother finds out or not does not matter!"

Chapter 233 Convincing Mikaya

In Alexander's books, Pasha Farzah, though had a few shortcomings like any human does, was a good father, a very good father.

He had launched a rebellion just to avenge his daughter and save his granddaughters, risking everything in the process and when he found out that Mikaya had gone astray, he took the hard steps he thought were necessary to rectify that problem.

But here was Alexander, like the devil from the scriptures, attempting and also succeeding in leading Mikaya down that crooked road.

Alexander's answer made Mikaya think in what world could the queen mother knowing this would not matter and she could find none.

And so, as the girl sent an inquisitive look toward Alexander, she heard Alexander say. "First of all, it is unlikely the Queen mother will ever know about your work."

"The manor has lots of tiny secret passages and so my lady will never be seen by anyone that is not meant to see you. Also, your time will be always selected deep at night, so the queen mother will be asleep by that point."

Alexander further added, "I know Miss Mikaya very much appreciates the Queen mother's deduction capabilities and is afraid that the Queen mother will be able to sniff something is wrong."

"But let me remind you that the Queen mother's ability is very dependent on her spy network, from maids, to guards, to nobles, And here in Zanzan, she has none. And it will take her years to build any meaningful one."

"So, even if she can guess something was wrong with you, the real answer will be too far-fetched for her to even consider."

Mikaya raised her eyebrows in surprise at the sound argument, but Alexander was continuing,

"And even if the Queen mother does somehow figure the whole truth out, it is unlikely she will reveal your secret to your father."

"First and foremost, because the truth is so absurd, Pasha Farzah might not even believe her, instead thinking the queen mother was trying to destroy our alliance and make Ptolomy the strongest partner in the alliance."

"And secondly, if she does prove to be true that I am using my ally's precious youngest daughter as a whore, our alliance is sure to break apart. And that would give Amenheraft the perfect opportunity to attack and destroy us. So by revealing this secret she could be writing her death sentence!"

'.....How does he think of these reasons like he has memorized them?' Mikaya found Alexander's quick thinking almost prophetic in nature.

But then quickly posed a question to an answer she had a good guess of, "My great pasha, as you said yourself, making me become a whore might destroy you. So why are you taking such a risk?"

'Because this is my way of conquering you,' Alexander said the truth in his heart, while he gave the following answer to Mikaya, "Because, I want to help you, my lady. Someone who has been so unjustly treated."

'Heh,' Mikaya only smirked with disdain at this fake courtesy, fully sensing Alexander's desire to taint her.

But she did not reject it because if Alexander could really give her the pleasure he alluded to, she would not mind jumping into the abyss for him.

Mikaya vowed not to screw over Alexander as long as he could let her experience continuous pleasure.

And with this commitment, Mikaya suddenly dictatorially commanded, "Nafia, Tajia, you will speak nothing about this to anybody. And naturally, you will prostitute with me as well! Any objections?"

"Yes, mistress," Tajia had always loved sex and saw no problem with the order.

And though Nafia was reluctant, she obeyed nonetheless, agreeing with a small nod.

Nafia might appear to not like Mikaya's actions, but she was also not a strong woman, and usually, Mikaya could arm-twist her way around this maid.

This was why Nafia never had the guts to secret tell on her mistress to her master.

In fact, even after the pasha had found out on his own, when he asked about it to Nafia, under her mistress's directions, she lied and hid the critical information.

Finished with this, again, in the typical, mercurial Mikaya fashion, she ordered, "Now, you girls stand near the railings and bend over!"

This pose was very revealing but the maids nevertheless obeyed, letting Alexander marvel at the assets of the two beautiful women.

On the right, was the smaller, tighter ass of Nafia, the dark hole, and the wet cave all revealed for Alexander to fully savor. Although Nafia was the elder sister, she in stature looked like the younger of the two, with long hair reaching her butt, a lean body, a shorter height, and smaller breasts.

Tajin on the left was taller, with breasts rivaling Mikaya's and with an ass to die for. she had a healthy darker complexion and shorter hair that just crossed her shoulders.

Alexander found the younger sister to be more his type.

Mikaya approached the two bent-over girls and started lovingly caressing their butts, "Nafia is a screamer, Alex," She introduced as she kneaded the alabaster butt under her palms, and then added, "She always seems reluctant at first but once she starts going, she's the sluttiest of us three."

Alexander found anyone to be more shameless than Mikaya hard to believe but when he observed Nafia only blush and lower her head in silence, he felt Mikaya might not be just teasing him.

Afterward, Mikaya gave the same love to Tajia, saying, "Tajia, is much more honest and obedient. She loves sex and particularly loves to jump on men and dominate them."

This reference subconsciously drew Alexander's eyes toward Tajia's leg and found her to have beautiful toned, healthy thighs, the result of her intense workout no doubt.

Done with the introductions, Mikaya then dabbed both her hands with olive oil and whispered in a raspy, heated voice, "Now, let's get you girls all nice and lubed up."

"Ahhhh,"

"Ohhh..yes,"

Almost simultaneously came the two sisters' lust-filled songs as Mikaya started rubbing the oil over their sensitive holes, mixing their lewd juices over their own holes and giving them a shiny polish.

Squelch! Squelch! Squelch!

Alexander watched with a rock hard-on as Mikaya salaciously swung her naked butt while working the two sister's holes, repeatedly going inside them and producing a nasty, lewd sound in the process.

"Ahhh...so good mistress, quicker," Tajia was honest and unreserved.

While Nafia tried to bury her head even lower and pleaded, "Ahh, no mistress, not so fast....mmm...the shame...ekk... coming."

The sudden shuddering of Nafia's body and the wobbling of her feet provided evidence that Nafia had climaxed.

"Haha, Sis is a real slut. She especially loves it when others watch her," Tajia chuckled at her loose sister, while the latter only blushed even harder that the truth.

Mikaya then slowly retrieved her finger and started lewdly sucking the juices using her thick tongue, lascivious grinning at Alexander and asking, "So, are we three whorish enough?"

"Too much," Alexander dryly replied with a gulp, his lower half wanting to tear out of his trousers.

"Haha, good, good," Mikaya giggled in approval and then flashed a lewd smile, "Well, Alex, it's time aunt rewarded you!"

Alexander soon found out what that reward was as Mikaya placed herself between the two sisters and presented a heavenly view for Alexander.

Out on the balcony, under the gentle winter morning sun, surrounded by green, rolling hills and a sweet, warm breeze, there were three beautiful, fat asses swinging temptingly in front of him,

Mikaya's was naturally the most beautiful, with a magnificent heart shape, the fair, flawless rump was all oiled up and glittering in the golden sunlight, both her secret cave and pink, puckered hole lubed-up and inviting Alexander salaciously to pound them into submission.

But the two sisters flanking her were no slouches either, with both Nafia and Tajia's oiled butts also gleaming beautifully off the morning sun, tempting him to taste the exquisite rumps.

And Alexander's heart certainly moved to want to have a taste, especially when Mikaya lewdly tempted, "Now, Alex, take that rock, hard cock and pump these holes good and full."

But Alexander didn't.

His heart told him to, whispered like the devil that there would be no harm in just doing it once, for only having a little nibble, that he would be just testing the product.

But with a herculean amount of willpower, he resisted like forbidden fruit.

'Stupid son of a bitch, think with your brain for once instead of your dick. Who knows what kind of STDs these three have?' Alexander cursed his biological reactions.

But then a lightning strike went off inside his head, "Wait! STDs! What about STDs?"

Alexander suddenly became terrified of this concept he had overlooked before out of his sheer excitement.

'Do STDs even exist in this world?' Alexander seriously wondered as he observed the three flawless slits presented in front of him, which were all bright and pink, tightly closed, and looked to be without any blemishes.

Not that Alexander was any expert, but the girls looked very healthy.

So he decided to ask, "Miss Mikaya, as a doctor, I was interested, have you ever seen warts on either male or female genitalia?"

Chapter 234 Alexander's Finding On STDs

Alexander was one thousand percent sure that if he did do what he promised Mikaya he would do, all the girls will catch STDs.

And if Mikaya did and then somehow died...

The image of Farzah snapping his neck like a twig surfaced in this mind as he shivered.

Alexander could deal with Pasha Farzah finding out about Mikaya's misadventures by claiming he had no idea and saying he only thought it was someone else who looked like her.

He could even deal with accidental pregnancy with no problem using the legumum.

But contagious diseases like STDs were a whole different beast.

They would be not only a hazard to the girls but also to the men who slept with them.

And if Alexander let it spread, the whole city might become infected.

He did not want that nightmare of a scenario in his head.

But looking at the three women's genitalia, he found them to be like a virgin's, which was surprising given how likely they had been roughly used by possibly hundreds if not thousands of men.

He would have expected them to be at least partially blackened.

Mikaya was a bit caught off guard by Alexander's questions, but answered nevertheless, "Sure I have. Does my lord need help treating someone suffering from that?"

Mikaya had a confused but concerned tone.

'Treat? You guys can treat STDs?' Alexander thought incredulously.

He knew that STDs were so feared because they were either very hard or almost impossible to cure.

The bacterial ones like syphilis could be cured through advanced antibiotics, but the viral infections, which were spread by viruses as opposed to bacteria, were basically death sentences, as evidenced by the most famous virus HIV, which caused the incurable AIDS.

The reason why HIV or AIDS cannot be treated, even by our modern antibiotics, is because our medicines can only attack and destroy bacteria but are useless against viruses.

This is evidenced by the fact that we have yet been unable to eradicate the common cold because it's caused by a virus.

What our antibiotics can do at best is destroy the bacteria which are used as incubation pods for viruses to reproduce, as viruses, being entities considered to be between the living and dead, are not able to reproduce without a host.

Thus once their medium of reproduction is destroyed and they can no longer replenish their numbers, the body's immune system can swarm and with overwhelming numbers destroy them.

And that is the only real way to kill a virus on earth, by using the body's natural immune system, and no other way exists.

Many scientists even think that it might be the only way to kill a virus in the universe short of throwing it into a black hole, as they have such a strong protein coat surrounding them that some posit that they might be even able to survive inside the core of a sun.

So imagine Alexander's surprise that Mikaya was claiming they had the method to do just that!

Alexander must have made a very scary face as looking at it Mikaya turned around and in a high-pitched, concerned voice asked, "Alexander, hey, are you okay!"

This voice broke Alexander out of his thought as he quickly flashed a smile "Ah..yeah, yeah, I'm fine. Just thinking," He brushed it off.

And then quickly asked, "So how do you treat it?"

"Umm, just simply rub a legumum salve on the affected area or drink it with boiled water," Mikaya felt it hard to keep up with Alexander's line of question.

One moment they were about to bang, the next moment they were talking about warts.

'Strange minds work in strange ways I guess,' Mikaya said to herself.

"And does it work on other things like rashes, blisters, and boils?" Alexander wanted to be thorough.

"Yes, anything related to the private parts," Mikaya affirmed with a nod.

"And have you personally experienced it?" Alexander then asked.

This time Mikaya answered shaking her head, "No, though I have seen it but I never had any. It's because I have always rubbed the salve every time after sex. It's what we are taught to do."

The shape and color of her genitalia finally made sense to Alexander and he could not marvel at the miraculous nature of the herb.

'If this drug can really destroy viruses then it is worthy to be called a magical herb.' Alexander praised the white plant in his heart.

And then added, "Hmmm, the shiva drug is also quite miraculous. This world's metals and physics seem the same as my previous world, but the flora and fauna, some of them have pseudo-magical features.'

And following this train of thought, Alexander's mind started to drift toward the realms of fantasy and some words associated with it.

But soon he restrained and retracted such daydreaming words as he had no evidence of such existence and so it was pointless to conjecture.

'If it exists, I will deal with it then,' Alexander said to himself.

He also then remembered to remind himself that STDs of this world might not be viral in this world.

Because many diseases are created when a pathogen usually jumped species.

For example, the pathogens which cause measles, smallpox, and tuberculosis all live inside cows but these animals barely feel anything, similar to our common cold.

But when these germs jump into us, what they do to make a cow a little sick, makes us very sick.

And this jumping species is a monument leap in a pathogen's evolution.

It is similar to humans diving into an ocean and then automatically developing a set of lungs that would enable them to live on both land and sea.

Such an evolution would take us hundreds of millions of years, but because pathogens reproduce so quickly, they can complete this evolution within centuries or even decades.

Thus it could be that there are no viral STDs or even any STDs in this world because the gems have not evolved yet.

'I need to do more research on this,' Alexander made the decision to make this project a top priority but then lampooned over the fact that he only had the basic A-level biology knowledge, and thus sorely lacking in expertise.

Even his entire lifetime might not be enough to unravel all the secrets of the Legumum.

Finished with these thoughts Alexander returned to the world of the living, and found the three women looking worriedly at Alexander.

Seeing the focus return to Alexander, Mikaya quickly asked in a bit of a panic, "My lord are you feeling alright? Should I get the guards?"

Alexander's glassy eyes staring into the horizon had really scared her.

If anything happened to Alexander, not only her ticket to freedom would go with him, but also the people that follow Alexander might not let her off easily.

Especially that wife of his Cambyses.

That girl had always struck her as being dangerous.

And so when Alexander returned to normal, blood seemed to have finally re-entered her heart.

"No, I'm fine. I just recalled something," Alexander felt a bit embarrassed as he answered.

Such had also happened in his previous life, where he would lose himself in thinking about a problem, even sometimes during conversations, and then be brought back to earth by the urging shouts of the people around.

"That's good." It was unknown whether Mikaya had accepted that answer or just thought Alexander was playing tough.

But nevertheless, she urged with a gesture, "Maybe the sun is too hot for the lord. Let's go inside,"

Alexander too had no reason to stay on the balcony and so followed.

And as he entered the room, his eyes suddenly caught hold of the leather pouch he had bought with him and reminded him of the original reason he came here.

And so he addressed Mikaya, "Miss Mikaya, I believe you still owe me a reward."

A large, happy grin flashed across Mikaya's face as she laughed, "Yes, yes, let's get started now," and attempted to take Alexander's clothes off.

"No, no, you misunderstand," Alexander shook his head to correct the misunderstanding and then slowly walked up to grab the leather bag.

"This," He said shaking the bag in his hand.

"Oh? Was it cards you said?" Mikaya tried to recall.

"Yes. And I want them all painted a combination of black and red, preferably before supper. I want to play some games after," Alexander succinctly replied.

"Hmm, well, let me see if I will be able to finish them all by then," Mikaya's curiosity was drawn.

And so Alexander opened the bag and let Mikaya praise the diamonds, clubs, hearts, and spades shapes and marvel at the king, queen, and joker.

"My, my, aunt Seelima was right. My great pasha, your talents are endless," Mikaya praised using familiar terms as her eyes sparkled at the beautiful shapes and figures.

Alexander then spent a little time showing what part to color what and finished with this, seeing Mikaya get busy, Alexander performed a courtesy bow and then excused himself with the words, "Well, then, please have a lovely day, my lady."

Chapter 235 Takfiz

Alexander walked away from Mikaya's room feeling quite a different emotion from how he felt coming to it.

He was apprehensive and a bit reluctant back then, while now his heart seemed set aflutter.

'It was quite the conversation,' Alexander hummed in glee, thinking back on the myriad of emotions he had felt in that room, from fury to intrigue to scheming to astonishment.

And at the end of it all, he managed to catch a fish he did not even think could be caught.

Alexander turned to look up at the sky and found it to be leaning west, indicating a time of around 3 in the afternoon.

'I was there for almost three hours,' Alexander lampooned at the blistering speed that time seemed to flow.

It had always fascinated him that time seemed to move faster or slower depending on your mood and actions.

'Time is relative,' Alexander quoted Einstein as he decided to skip lunch and meet up with his slaves.

He thus quickly exited his house, got on a horse, and rode to the servants' quarters about a kilometer away.

Along the way, he saw all the slaves and servants stop what they were doing and bow or prostrate towards him.

This did not sit well with him and made up his mind to bring that issue with Takfiz, who was an elderly slave he had appointed as the two thousand slaves' representative.

"My lord, this lowly slave greets you." Speaking of the devil, the old man with a mass of white hair ran as fast as his weak legs could carry him to greet Alexander the moment his horse stopped and the second Alexander planted his feet on the ground, the hunched-back man bent his back to kneel and then kiss Alexander's shoes.

"Takfiz, I told you repeatedly not to do this," Alexander had a helpless tone to his voice.

He certainly did not like the idea of a man old enough to be his grandfather who such things.

But even when he repeatedly expressed his dislike, the old man would give the same hackneyed reply, "Hehe, this old bone does not know any other way to serve lord master,"

Alexander only pursed his lips but did not say anything.

What was he going to do?

Punish an old man for respecting him?

Thus, since the old man liked it so much and refused to budge, Alexander had little choice other than to agree, unless he wanted to become tyrannical enough and use force to make him comply.

Seeing no point continuing this conversation, Alexander told the man to stand up and moved on, asking "How is Kala?"

"Good, good," Hearing the name come out from Alexander's mouth seemed to make this old, wrinkled man's face light up with glee as he then turned to look back and shouted, "Kala, boy come here." while at the same time gesturing towards a small boy who was playing by himself with some wooden toys.

The boy seemed to sense his grandfather's call as he looked to see the waving hand, and recognizing Alexander standing next to him, quickly ran towards him.

The short, scrawny boy was Kala, and his story was both tragic and common.

He was born deaf and so once his parents found out, they heartlessly sold him to a slave trader to get rid of this burden.

But his grandfather did not have the heart to lose his grandson like that.

He did not have the heart to live with the knowledge that his own flesh and blood, because he could not communicate, would most likely live the rest of his life in a mine and die a death worse than a dog's.

And so to look after him, he sold himself along with the boy and then, by the twists of fate, somehow ended up being bought by Alexander.

And even more miraculously he ended up being one of the servants on the ship Alexander was on.

Then one day, while out on a walk to stretch his muscles, Alexander heard the cries of a small child aboard the ship and thus met the deaf boy.

He still remembers the look of abject horror Takfiz had when he came to find his grandson climbing up his master's back, almost stumbling against the wooden door as he shivered and cowered.

And it took Alexnader an inordinate time to reassure the old man that he was just here to play with the boy.

In the later days, Alexander, feeling pity for the boy, decided to occasionally teach give some sign language to make his life a little less hellish.

And yes, it was hellish, like being trapped in a world where no one understands you and you understand no one, with your only mode of communication being to shout or cry.

Alexander in his university years had done some voluntary work and among them, for a year he had taught some physically challenged, not-so-well-off children.

And to more easily communicate with the kids, he had back then taught himself some basic sign languages from online courses.

The little bald boy quickly crossed the distance by the pitter patter of his small feet and then gave a full bow in front of Alexnader, something which Alexander found very cute.

"So, how are you?" Alexander gestured this saying using hand signals and got the reply,

"I'm fine, my lord," in the same abstract language.

The duo then spent a little time practicing and conversing and after Alexander taught the boy two new signs, excused him, which the boy did after a small bow.

"He is very smart. I hope you will continue to converse with him and help him grow," Alexander commented to Takfiz about his grandson, which drew a smile so big that seemed to threaten the old man's cheeks as he heavily nodded, almost tearing up.

He never imagined that his deaf and dumb grandson could grow to be so clever and he gave all the credit to his master Alexander.

'Praise be to lord master.' Takfiz praised

Yes, for the old man wearing a thick padded jacket, just his grandson being able to carry on the most basic communication was seen as a sign of genius.

And this was not too wrong of a mindset to have as the boy who was close to seven years old, previously had the communication ability of at best a one-year-old, an infant basically, while now it was more of in the range of three to four years.

Takfiz had become one of Alexander's earliest converts, changing his belief back when he was on the ship.

To this day Alexander did not know from where the old man had heard of his religion, but suddenly one day the old man had come to Alexander and proclaimed himself to be a believer of Gaia.

And because of the old man's proactiveness in accepting Alexander's religion, and because Alexander could feel the zealous loyalty flowing out of him, he was made the leader of the slaves and given a better house, better clothes, better food, and better pay.

Alexander also took into consideration the fact that he had a grandson he very much loved and binding someone using the people they loved was a time-tested tradition that Alexander loved to follow.

Other than just pity, that was also why he paid so much attention to the boy.

And thus, for Takfiz, the word betrayal had been removed from his dictionary.

Done with the pleasantries, Alexander then gave his slave handler some instructions, "Takfiz, while coming here I saw the people stop work to bow to me. And while I greatly appreciate this gesture, you are to make them understand that they are not pausing work for anybody passing through the road. And I mean anybody- me, my wives, the guests, other lords...nobody." Alexander emphasized.

And then added, "And if anyone asked them why, then they are to say my name. Say that I ordered such. Understood?" Alexander pointedly ordered.

"Yes, my lord. I will see to it." The old man only had the option to nod and obey.

"Umm, now how are my fields?" Alexander then asked about the private farmlands surrounding his manor.

"Yes, sire." Takfiz stood up taut and gave an almost mechanical report, "As you ordered we have planted beetroots in the forty hectares of land after single tilting. And five hectares have been planted with dandelions. And the rest have been double tilted and felt to follow,".

The reason for the beetroots was very evident, making sugar.

But the dandelions also had a very component that can be produced from them, something Alexander planned to use in his panties to make them a bit more than just a triangular piece of cloth with strings.

"Where are all the slaves now?" Alexander asked next and Takfiz quickly answered, "Some are in the field as master saw, some are in the city working, and ...a few are in the secret shops."

The old man subconsciously lowered his voice when he said the last part.

Chapter 236 Paper Making (Part-1)

Alexander had a few secret projects he had given Takfiz to oversee.

Of course, the old man wasn't appointed to oversee the production, but the operational security of the projects.

He was there to make sure the slaves involved in the project did not flap their mouths to anybody.

"How's the security around those houses?" Alexander asked even though he knew the answer.

"We have done as you asked, my lord. The slaves never discuss anything related to work to anybody and all their various activities like entry and exit time during work and even where they go between work is recorded." Takfiz loyally recorded.

"Umm, good," Alexander nodded pleased.

Alexander knew it was unlikely that these slaves, that were bound to his estate would really find a way to divulge these secrets to anyone.

And anyone infiltrating, accessing the information, and then leaving with it right under his nose, inside Alexander's private lands was close to impossible.

And besides, the people of this were much simpler and honest, without the infinite number of knots in their hearts as modern humans do.

So, this might seem excessive, but Alexander by nature was a paranoid man and he always preferred to make plans for contingencies.

And so the slaves that worked were constantly monitored by a few strong men under Takfiz, lived in separate quarters from the rest of the men, and generally were given a better standard of living with bigger, better rations, access to better medicine and healthcare, and also better housing and clothes.

If a slave was married, his family would also be given better privileges than the rest of the slaves and those bachelors even had access to women for entertainment, all to keep them happy, tight-lipped, and working quietly.

Alexander was not satisfied even with all these precautions as he even planned to make a separate counter-industrial espionage force or CIE to oversee the protection of his core technologies.

But the latter's formation was still just an idea as today he was here to officially here to see the start of production of four of his businesses.

"Let's go see the paper shop first," Alexander gestured Takfiz to lead the way.

Alexander had seen the paper-making process once in a television show which featured how a Vietnamese family was keeping this old tradition alive and the steps were so simple that he had remembered them even after his transmigration.

So, during the later days of the plague, while Alexander was still camping in the harbor, he had gotten a few of his slaves together and did a little test run.

In that show, they used the branches of mulberry plants, which were thin and long, but the test run showed that Alexander could basically use any thin long plants as a substitute.

So, naturally, right after he got his new home, he employed some of his slaves to scale up production and start making the thing, planning to substitute papyrus with it, use it as wrapping paper, and as a major export.

And Alexander was here today to see how the production process of this valuable good was going on.

Hearing Alexander's desire, the old man quickly trotted ahead and soon Alexander, his bodyguards, and the old man came to a large wooden house that had been converted from originally a large stable

There, about one hundred slaves, both men, and women were busy working away.

The first batch of slaves was busy sorting a bunch of thin, dry, long twigs and branches, slowly and manually taking the barks off them.

The next batch of them was busy taking these cleaned bits of trees and using a wooden mallet to smash and crash them, basically with the intention of separating the branches into the long, individual fibers that constituted them.

The third group was taking the smashed wood, manually separating any leftover fiber with their hands, and then dumping them into a boiling pot of hot water and stirring them.

Once the fibers were cooked for an appropriate amount of time, a fourth group would take them out and then again mash them using a mallet, this time for hours if needed, until the individual fibers were broken up so much that they all lumped together to basically look like a small ball of brown colored dough.

Afterward would come the work of the fifth group, who would take the small paper dough and leave it to dry, either over a fireplace or simply under the sun.

And once dry, these doughs would be chopped into small pieces using a large butcher's knife.

This was done to turn the singular, long, stringy fiber that was formed by the fusion of all the individual fibers in the previous process into bite-sized pieces.

And then to make them even smaller, they would further be slowly pulled apart with hands, producing small balls similar to look like the ones would make if he were to pull some cotton from a whole ball.

'Hmm, I should invent scissors,' Alexander said to himself as he observed the paper butchers turn the paper dough into mincemeat, the *bang*, *bang* ruckus, stinging his eardrums.

There were things called scissors in this time period, but they were very different from the scissors Alexander was used to.

These so-called scissors looked more like tweezers with blades, made from two bronze blades connected at the handles by a thin, flexible strip of bronze " which served to hold the blades in alignment and to allow them to be squeezed together, and to be pulled apart when released.

They were slow and uncomfortable to use for an extended period of time and so Alexander opted for the butcher's cleaver.

With this thought embedded in his mind, he turned to observe the last step of the process, the actual paper-making process.

The sixth and last group was responsible for doing as they first took these small bits of fibers and dumping them into a rectangular tub of water. Then they would use a rectangular cloth mesh tied to a smaller wooden rectangular mold and sink it into the water and after giving the mold a little shake, quickly bring it up, along with a thin layer of the fine suspended fibers that would be caught up in the mesh cloth.

The mold would be then inverted and this wet paper would fall into a dry piece of cloth below and then a worker would use a heavy wooden roller to press the fine fibers together and squeeze out all the water.

Afterward, this cloth containing the paper would be taken to be dried either over a fire or under the sun, and in a few hours to a few days depending on the drying process. a white, sheet of paper would be produced.

This paper was around A2 size, so around forty (40) by sixty (60) cm and after drying, it could be cut to smaller, desired sizes.

As Alexander toured the 'factory' naturally all the slaves bowed or kneeled in front of him as he passed their station, while everyone chanted some variations of the same thing, 'My lord,' 'Master.' 'Great Pasha.' etc.

"Okay, okay, now please return to work," Alexander tried hard to keep his exasperation in check.

He certainly was happy to see the slave fear and respect, and he also did not want to appear too friendly in front of them fearing that the slaves might mistake his kindness as a weakness.

But getting repeatedly bowed certainly bored Alexander.

"Here, master, please," Alexander was handed a recently made, cut into about A4 size piece of paper by Takfiz and as he moved his fingers over the processed fibers, its texture was as he had expected, rough and coarse by any stretch of the definition.

And this was something very much within Alexander's expectations as, of course, his handmade product would be nothing like the fine paper he was used to before,

But then again, it was certainly wrong to compare the exquisiteness of using an industrial shredder to turn the fibers basically into a paste to manually cutting the fibers into small pieces.

This was also why so many of the processes were dedicated to making the fiber pieces as small and fine as possible.

But there was always a limit to human capabilities and Alexander certainly could not expect his workers to work for weeks turning a small piece of paper dough into as fine a paste as possible, as that would make the speed of production abysmal and the cost astronomical.

Thus Alexander was prepared to make this compromise, saying to himself, "If humans could produce as fine a paper as the machines, then what use would be there for the machine?"

There was also the fact that paper making was a delicate art requiring years if not decades of training and experience and since this was literally the first time paper was being made, and no one knew how to make it before, naturally, its quality would be lacking.

But overall, Alexander was quite pleased with the product, evidenced by his large grin while caressing the paper.

Chapter 237 Paper Making (Part-2)

Alexander's new invention drew the amazed stares of his bodyguards, their eyes sparkling, except for Hemicus who kept a flat, poker face.

Seeing the apprehensive man, Alexander passed the paper on to this trusted man, and asked, "Hemicus, what do you think? Give me your honest opinion."

"Hmmm," The guard captain took some time feeling the product, bending and folding it, and then said, "Forgive my ignorance pasha, but this looks like a lot of work to make a more expensive papyrus or parchment."

Hemicus's frank and honest reply made Takfiz jump in fright, as he would never even dream of talking to Alexander like that.

And so looked at Alexander with an apprehensive face, fearing even the always gentle lord might not like his inventions being discredited.

"Hahaha," But it only drew a burst of boisterous laughter from Alexander who could understand where the muscular, chisel-faced, bearded man was coming from.

So he decided to show his point of view, "You are right that papyrus is much cheaper and more available. But it is also hard to write on using some ink and ruins too easily when exposed to water and even air. The reason for the latter is because the wood fibers in papyrus are kept intact, unlike in our paper,"

Alexander then moved on to show the problems with parchment.

"And as for parchment, to get that you need to slaughter an animal like sheep, deer, or cow, and then process its hide. And if killing a few thousand ropals worth animal just to get something to write on is not the epitome of waste, then I don't know what is. And this is not to even mention that leather has a million other uses.

"That's right, that's right. As expected of the all-knowing, all-erudite, sagacious lord master," Takfiz's eyes shone like the sparkling sun at Alexander's victory over Hemicus, praising him to high heaven using lavish words.

'Heliptos can learn from this guy,' Alexander was lightly amused by the old man's depth of vocabulary used in flattering him

Alexander then said, "I want to try making a sheet of paper, can I?"

Of course, Alexander was not asking for permission as there was no one who could deny him such, and so Takfiz hastily replied, "Yes, yes, please, please," he endeavored to arrange it as fast as was humanly possible.

"You! Move, lord master is coming. Get out," The old man immediately turned from a meek little kitten to a ferocious tiger as he addressed the slaves working the molds, spitting and waving his wizened arms to emphasize his point.

But Alexander wanted this worker and so he softly said, "Let him stay. I want to listen to his advice."

"Ohh...yes, yes, of course, master," After a moment of shock, Takfiz quickly retracted his order and "You! Why have you not thanked master yet?"

And so after another round of bowing, during which Alexander found it hard to keep a straight face, Alexander was finally handed the mold.

"What's your name?" Alexander asked the worker.

"Azijak, my lord," The lean man quickly replied.

"And what did you do before being captured?" Alexander inquired.

"I was a papyrus maker, my lord. Before I sold myself during the drought," The worker answered, his story nothing special.

His employment here was certainly no coincidence, as Alexander had specifically instructed Takfiz to place such types of people here.

Alexander afterward asked, "Hmm, can you tell me the technique you use to make the paper sheets?"

"That..it is hard for me to tell in words, " Azijak began and then said, "but there is a specific technique to taking the mold out of the water with the paper pulp on it so as not to form bumps on the surface, the depth the mold was to be placed in the water, the speed at which it was submerged and taken out and the amount of shaking done to spread the fine fibers all around." Azijak tried to give Alexander his answer.

And then summarized it, "Basically, the technique is moving the wrists quickly but not too much."

"Umm, then let me try," Alexander with a nod then tried it and found it not easy, with the end result being amateurish.

"Amazing! Amazing, lord master," As soon as Alexander dumped the paper on the dry cloth, Takfiz jumped up in empty praise, saying, "To produce such an excellent piece of paper on your first try, you truly are divine!"

And following his boss's example, Azijak, too joined in puffery, "Yes, yes. It is truly a great piece of paper."

Alexander of course did not buy this flattery but neither did he care to stop them.

Instead, he was busy thinking, 'Hmm, skilled workers.'

It seemed that he would not be able to just scale up production as he wished, for he would be constrained by the supply of skilled papermakers.

"Azijak, do you have any suggestions about ways to speed up production?" Alexander asked the expert.

And understanding this was his chance to shine, Azijak's floodgates for words came loose, "Yes, my lord, I have some," He replied with alacrity.

"First," He pointed to the dry cloth and said, "Master, using the cloth takes too much time. Sometimes we have to stop making paper, because of shortage of clothes."

"Instead we can just lay the sheets on top of one another and use a cheap tree sap coating to stop them from sticking together."

Azijak then pointed to the roller, "Also we can use mallets to beat the water out of a stack of sheets, instead of using the roller which is very slow."

"And lastly, I feel like the pulp-making can't keep up with my sheet-making. If I had enough pulp, I could make much more paper a day," He eagerly expressed.

Alexander was very impressed by this man's insights and since he was lacking a dedicated individual to oversee the paper production, he said, "Umm, okay, let's do it as you said. And I'm appointing you as head of this workshop!"

"Thank you, master." Immediately after Alexander said this, Azijak was kneeling in front of him as he answered, "I will produce all the paper you desire."

"Um, good," Alexander with a regal bearing lightly nodded, and then added, "You will be given a monthly quota and be expected to fulfill it or provide proper reasons why you could not."

"Rest assured, master. As long as my heart beats, you will get your papers on time," Azijak had a slight tone of martyrdom to his voice.

To keep his position, he was willing to die.

Alexander then turned to Takfiz and instructed, "Try to fulfill all reasonable demands of Azihak. Like if he wants additional men and materials, give it."

"Yes, master," Takfiz quickly nodded, though not before sending a cold glare at the mentioned man.

The slave that was invisible just minutes before that now won Alexander's favor and this naturally stung the old man who saw it as an encroachment on his territory

Of course, the old man did not have the guts to say it was Alexander's fault, and thus his anger could go only toward the man who was slightly in similar authority to him.

But the old man was also clever enough to know that if he tried to make difficulties for Azijak and cause him to miss his quotas, it could cause Azijak to tattletale on him.

And so the old man begrudgingly decided to give Azijak everything he wanted.

Alexander was naturally unaware of this little rivalry and neither would he care if he knew.

Instead, he gave Azijak his last instruction, "Azijak, look here," He called out.

And then under the lean man's careful gaze, on a piece of paper, he drew what was the picture of a modern scissor.

"This is a new kind of scissor," Alexander said and briefly described the drawing, "The two bronze blades are like swords, with the inner edges being thinner and sharper. The two pieces are crossed like this," Alexander formed a cross with his fingers to show the alignment, "and then a small hole is drilled through and a metal peg is driven through them.

"And then using the finger inside these handle holes, one can easily move these small blades like shears and cut stuff, like plant fibers," Alexander gave the basic gist of the tool and then at last added, "Ohh, and make sure the handles are covered with leather, or it will be very uncomfortable."

"Does master want me to order them?" Azijak cleverly could deduce why Alexander was showing and telling him this.

"Yes, you will be in charge of explaining this to the blacksmiths, ordering the required numbers, and then disturbing them to the workers." Alexander gave him his first task.

"Yes master, I will show it to you as soon as possible," The workshop head promised,

And with all these done, Alexander then said a few more words and decided to move on to the next shop.

Chapter 238 Glassmaking (Part-1)

As a freedman turned slave, Azijak naturally yearned for freedom and his new appointment was undoubtedly a giant leap in that direction.

It was customary and an unspoken law in Adhania to free a slave of high status or one who earned his master a lot of money looking after his business after around a decade of service unless he committed any heinous crimes, and so Azihak naturally got to work, making the orders for the scissors, planning the expansion of the business and etc, eager to get back his freedom

But those were for later, as Alexander now hopped to another nearby very large shed, this one had been converted from a blacksmith's forge into making glass.

As a metallurgist. Alexander certainly knew the in-depth process of making glass with the most interesting thing about glass being that it was neither a solid nor a liquid but an amorphous solid, which was a state between those two states of matter.

This was because the atoms in glass were not ordered like a solid but also could not flow like a liquid, giving it the nickname superliquid- that is a liquid that was solid.

Alexandre, of course, was not just taught the theory of glass but as a practical course, he was once given the task of designing a factory with the capacity of making ten thousand pieces per day of any glassware of his choosing.

And thus for the next week, every day after class, he had to go to a nearby glass foundry and see how they ran their operation, what equipment they used, how they used it, how each of the machines were connected to the next relevant machine, what the workers there specifically do and how the end product was finally produced.

The glass manufacturing plant that Alexander chose made a variety of thing, primarily they made bottles of various sizes which was fully automated, but also beautiful art pieces such as intricate paper weight and showpieces that could be custom ordered and thus had to be handmade.

And over the week, Alexander basically had an industrial idea about how glass was made and then manipulated to give shape.

And after the week-long visit ended, he had to draw the full plant layout of his factory on a software, and list the name, model number, and quantity of every single piece of equipment he would have to use, ranging from huge, complex furnaces to the most simple glass blower, which was just a hollow steel rod.

He was then required to design their placements of the factory floor properly and sequentially, estimate the total equipment cost, and then estimate the total factory setup cost, from land, and labor to raw materials and even electricity costs.

And Alexander was then expected to finish writing this entire report just in the two-day weekend he was given and those seven days were hell for him.

(P.S. Author- Yes, that was me.)

But at the very end, Alexander could say confidently he knew the basics of glass making,

And though such basics had not helped Alexander in his previous life as he majored in steel production, in this life, it swore to be very useful.

As Alexander approached the shed, he found this shed to be much quieter than her next-door neighbor, the paper maker.

"Master, please," Takfiz gestured as the two guards guarding the door opened it to let their master inside.

And Alexander and co quickly entered.

The inside was bright, courtesy of the large windows on all sides, and inhabited by less than twenty men, all working away.

This number was certainly on the low side as the similarly sized paper-making shop had five times the number.

And the reason for this was obvious, glassmaking needed much more skill and was much harder to master.

So less qualified personnel was available.

"Master, welcome," The leader of this small group, a man named Gajopk quickly came forward to greet Alexander and after the usual small talk, Alexander got to the meat of the issue.

"So, how goes the glassmaking?" Alexander asked expectantly.

"Fantastic! Fantastic!" The slightly short man with a gorgeous mustache heavily nodded as he said so, praising Alexander exaggeratedly as he did, "My lord's glass-blowing technique is the greatest invention of this millennium. It has changed glassmaking forever!"

Alexander only gave a light smile at the sincere praise, thinking that the traditional way Adhania made glass was similar to the likes of ancient Egyptians or Babylonians.

They took sand or quartz and mixed it with plant ash, which was just the stuff that would be produced every time firewood was burnt, and then heated the mixture to a fairly low temperature of around seven hundred and fifty (750) centigrade in a clay pot, until it formed a ball of molten material.

This material, called faience, was then cooled, crushed, and sometimes mixed with coloring agents to make it red or blue. After coloring the glass would be funneled into a cylindrical container and heated a second time at a higher temperature.

Once the container cooled, it would be broken and the thick glass ingots that formed during the cooling process were removed.

This glass was very expensive and impure, looking like colored beads or marbles instead of the clear, transparent look one conjures up when one thinks of the word glass as they had not learned to separate the impurities from the sand like various metal ores that gave them a dull color, which was why they preferred to always color their glass.

And because of its impurity, and because it was really hard to shape the glass without the glass blowing tubes, it was really only affordable to the ultra-rich, who used them for window panels by putting multiple glass pieces together, used as small mirrors and even worn as jewelry like brackets and necklaces.

In fact, Alexander's neighbor, the Kuleef province was actually the glass-making capital of the country and even in this part of the world, allowing it to become the third most prosperous province of Adhania.

They made colored glass used in mosaics, inlaid into furniture, or formed into figurines.

Many colorful amulets were also created using semi-precious stone and small pieces of polished glass set into gold and embellished with enamels.

And the decorative glass pieces and figurines they made of Ramuh and other such gods, which were sometimes carefully carved to include details such as facial features, hair, and clothing were the region's specialty and a major source of income.

An income Alexander was deliberately trying to take a chunk off.

The Kuleefians also used another, more advanced method to make larger objects which was called core forming.

In this process, first, a mold would be made of clay and then wrapped in thin tubes of molten glass.

Then the mold would be heated as each tube of glass was added so the pieces would fuse around it.

Sometimes metal tools would be used to create patterns in the molten glass such as zig-zags and scales.

And once the vessel was completely encased, the outer glass would be polished smooth and the clay mold scraped out.

These intricately designed glass vessels were made to hold oils and perfumes, inlaid with metals that formed designs in the translucent material and were the exclusive possessions of the uber elite.

The olive oil that Mikaya was using came from such a bottle, its worth being thousands of times more than all the olive oil she will ever use in her lifetime.

In this way, glass often had the same value as semi-precious stones, its value only diminished by its problems of fragility, as a glass vase or figurine was very likely to be broken in transport.

But Alexander had a plan to solve this problem, by simply forming the glass into small, thick ingots and moving it with minimal threat of breakage and then selling it to artisans, who could melt them down and form the glass as they desired.

But before he could carry out his masterful plan, he first needed to make the glass.

And for this, he had set up this foundry inside a blacksmith's forge and gathered the raw materials.

First was the sand, more accurately the quartz, that was crushed and sieved multiple times to try and remove as much impurity as possible.

Then came the sodium carbonate from wood ash which was used as a flux.

Flux is a substance added to lower the melting point of another substance.

In this case, it was added to the quartz to lower the melting temperature of the glass from a mind-boggling two thousand degrees Celsius, (2000) to a more manageable twelve hundred (1200).

And at last came the limestone, which, while also acting as a secondary flux, primarily was used to prevent the glass from becoming water soluble and to increase its chemical structure by various complex means, making the glass, for lack of a better word 'better'.

These three ingredients mixed in the seventy-twenty-ten (70% quartz, 20% wood ash, and 10% limestone) proportion, along with traces of ground metal oxides like lead or iron for color, and thus came Alexander's glass.

Chapter 239 Glassmaking (Part-2)

Gajopk was a glassmaker for the last twenty-five years of his life, taking over the family business from his father, who took it over from his father.

He had lived all his life in Adhania, but when the drought hit, he saw his business rapidly dwindle, and with it his savings.

And after his wife, and two children died of starvation, the rest of the family and along with some of his other fellow glassmakers sold themselves to slavery for food.

And in this way, when Alexander asked the slave traders for high-quality, highly skilled slaves, Gajopk and his bunch were chosen.

Once they got to Zanzan, and somehow managed to avoid catching the deadly plague, Alexander had tasked them with setting up shop here, which they did about a week from today.

And because their lord had come to Zanzan with almost all the glassmaking tools pre-made, all they had to do was get used to making this new glass, which required them to learn how to control the furnace temperature, process the ingredients, and how to use the tools.

Learning the furnace temperature controls was always a hassle because every furnace, being handmade, was unique in how much heat it gained and lost in a certain period of time and so, it always took a glassmaker a bit of time to get used to a new furnace.

Next came the processing of the raw materials.

Alexander insisted on using quartz which was a type of whitish-colored sand some rocks were made of.

Wood ash or soda ash came from burning trees and leaves, dissolving the leftover ash in water and then boiling it, to get a white powder.

This was the flux.

Alexander also made the glassmakers try out two other types of flux.

One was borax, which was a naturally occurring mineral, white in color, usually found around the salt plains like the Life sea and Alexander had bought a lot of it.

The other was natron, which was also naturally occurring and white, and found around the banks of some rivers.

The type of flux used had a definitive effect on the clarity of glass, and Alexander was interested to know the effects.

And at last came limestone, which thankfully, did not need any more work other than crushing it to a fine powder.

But the wide range of unknown tools was what stumped them the most.

And although over the week, they intuitively figured out how to use some of them, they were still novices over their mastery and half the time they had no idea if they were using the tools their intended way.

And that's why Alexander was here today, to see how they were doing and show them how to use any of the tools they did not understand.

But first Alexander asked, "Gajopk, the fluxes that we used, which ones got the best result?"

He was curious to know.

"Master, it was the borax. Here, look" The short man very excitedly answered and then quickly ran towards a small corner table and showed Alexander three simple glass bowls, one with a greenish tint, one a bit muddy and translucent, and the last almost transparent.

"The green one is the wood ash, the next is natron and the best one is the borax," The glassmaker gave the introduction, his eyes sparkling in delight at the creation of this, in his opinion, this century's marvel.

And he remembered to let Alexander know of his praise as he claimed in a high-pitched, excited voice, "Master, it has been the dream of every glassmaker in the world, to be one day able to produce clear glass. But for many, this dream had turned into a fantasy, something they took inspiration from and looked and worked towards, but also understood that such a thing was likely not possible."

The man then put his right arm on his chest and slightly bowed, "I will admit that I was one of those disbelievers. But now....now my eyes have been opened."

He then turned emotional, fighting hard to hold man his tears, as he then said, "And to think that master would choose me, or us, to make the world's first clear glass, we are overwhelmed."

As he said so, the glassmaker plopped down on his knees, followed by all nineteen of the others who had lined themselves behind their Gajopk.

'The world is a big place. So, it's quite the bold claim that this the world's first glass,' Alexander self-depreciatingly said to himself.

But outwardly, he kept a calm, poker face and in a soft, heavy voice said, "Mmn, I hope you can master making it as soon as possible."

Looking at the not-too-shabby clear glass, Alexander drooled at the astronomical prices he could charge for clear glass, especially clear glass panels and it made him giddy with pleasure.

Adhania's nobilities obsession with glass was pretty evident to Alexander, as the house he lived in had glass window panels that were basically opaque and could not let light in through them, but still, Pasha Muazz had spent an obscene amount installing them anyway.

The craze for glass in the Adhanian upper class bordered on obsession.

And then Alexander started thinking about making stained glass windows, which he estimated might cost as much as a small city if were to be installed in a large building like a temple.

In fact, in the middle ages, glass-making was so highly prized and lucrative that many regions that could produce it saw it as a state secret and the leader of the European glassmaker Venice, which was the heart of European glassmaking kept its glassmakers under constant surveillance and protection to safeguard their secrets.

And when a few glassmakers had managed to slip through their fingers into France under the temptation of the French king Louis XIV, to build his Palace of Versailles, the Venetians sent hired assassins after them, fearing their trade secret might be lost to the French.

And though the assassination failed, it went to highlight just how countries and states were willing to keep glassmaking a secret.

And learning from history, Alexander already had plans to safeguard his workers and their families from enemy spies and saboteurs.

Lost in these thoughts for a moment, Alexander finally bought his attention back to the men standing expectantly in front of him.

And so he decided to address them.

"So, how are the new tools?" Alexander asked the most important question.

Naturally, Gajopk was the first to answer, "Miraculous master, miraculous. We never could have imagined such a thing a hundred years," he exaggeratedly flattered.

And this time some of the others joined too.

"Yes, yes, we are still learning, but with master's inventions, we will be able to make things we could have only dreamed of before," From the back a man claimed.

"And the techniques that master has talked about. We tried some of them and it was revolutionary!" Another chimed with glee and gusto.

"Also, the addition of limestone, too." A third voice was raised, who then said, "Before, the moment we took out our glass from the furnace it would either be too runny like honey or too hard like softwood. But now, it's got the perfect consistency like dough or putty."

"What I most liked was how different powered metals could be used to make the glass colorful and stronger. Such knowledge must reside only in the realms of the divine." A fourth flattered Alexander, the amazement and worship in his voice palpable.

This last instruction came from Alexander's knowledge that adding trace amounts of various metals gave the glass various, new properties.

For example, adding powdered lead in the glassmaking process created a more brilliant finish that was also harder, and as a result of this increased hardness, it could be engraved to produce sharp images and designs, something that was not possible with ordinary glass.

Adding gold to the molten mix of glass created a beautiful but expensive ruby-colored glass, whereas small amounts of cobalt oxide produce the much sought-after cobalt glass, commonly known in Alexander's world as Bristol Blue.

Cobalt oxide, which was a commonly found metal ore mixed with rocks, did not actually add color per se, rather it altered the pattern of light as it passes through the glass and block certain colors in the spectrum.

Such a unique property was very desirable for Alexander because knew that he would be able to sell these unique products for astronomical profits.

This 'divine knowledge of adding metals to glass' also paved the way for Alexander to advance toward his desire to make stained glass, where different colored glass could be created by way of adding

different metals and then joined together by using the soft metal lead and putty, all held together in an iron or bronze framework, allowing the creation of such striking pieces of glasswork that had adorned the windows of churches and cathedrals in his previous world, all having profit margins thousands of times their production costs.

Alexander drooled at the thought of such profits.

Chapter 240 Glassmaking (Part-3)

Alexander kept a light smiling face as he got the glassmakers' feedback and praise, while his mind drifted to ways he could sell this glass.

And once the glassmakers finished, he decided then got to the point of why he was here, "Okay, let me see you guys make something, and in the process, I will show you how each of the tools are used. Some are quite obtuse to look at and their purposes might not be obvious at first glance."

"Yes, yes, master. We also have a question on one or two of them..so," Gajopk quickly agreed and then led Alexander to one of the many furnaces burning hot and bright, hot ashes escaping through the chimney.

Then under Alexander's curious gaze, using his blowpipe, he spun it to twirl the molten glass around it and then took out a ball of molten glass from the crucible, at last bringing it to his station.

This station was just a chair between the two raised rails, where the glassmaker would put his pipe on them, allowing it to freely roll forward and backward.

After bringing the glass ball to his station, Gajopk then started to blow some comparatively cool air into the tube, pushing it into the glass and causing the trapped air then to heat up and expand, making the glass blow up as well.

Alexander keenly noticed there was not much huffing and puffing with the blowing, something that was also emphasized even in his previous life, while being also impressed that the man could keep such an immaculate mustache doing such work.

'Should I ask for his hair routine?' The baby-faced Alexander mused with amusement, lamenting that a single hair was yet to grow on his face.

Seeing Gopajk that prepared the glass dough for him, Alexander asked for the blowpipe, "Here, let me show you how to do the rest," as he intended to show how to use the new tools by shaping this semi-molten glass.

Alexander himself was a novice at this, having only seen how glass was shaped and never having actually made a glass product before,

So this was like him reading a cookbook and thinking he could cook.

But Alexander was fine with that.

Because his goal was not to show them how to a beautiful glass piece but to show when and how to use the various tools.

So even if the end product is horrendous, as long as the glassmakers learn what was the purpose of the different weirdly shaped tools, the lesson would be a success.

If they wanted to master the use of each tool, they could then hone their craft over the next few years and perhaps even find new uses for it.

Or develop entirely new ones.

All these thoughts made Alexander very excited to think about what his glass industry would look like in the next decade.

But Alexander was getting ahead of himself and soon brought himself back to earth.

And so he showed them the first technique,

"I'm sure you have done this but this technique of making glass products is called mold casting." Alexander started and then placed the molten glass inside a nearby prepared clay mold of a bowl and started to blow on it.

Alexander had instructed the mold to be made of durable material, and was thus made with baked clay but sometimes wood or if one was feeling like spending money metal could also be used.

It could be opened in half to let the molten glass in and the product out and had a small hole on one side for the insertion of the blowpipe.

And although this particular mold was simple and undecorated, many of them could be designed quite intricately shaped and decorated, with the designs usually carved into the mold in negative, so that on the glass they appeared in relief.

A mold could be used multiple times, though it did have a finite life span and could be utilized only until the decoration deteriorated or it broke and was discarded.

After Alexander inserted the molten glob of glass, he blew into it, inflating it to adopt the shape and pattern carved therein, thus making, in case a small bowl, the same they showed to Alexander sometime ago.

He then quickly removed the vessel from the mold and brought it to Gajopk's station, placing the blowpipe on the rails and rolling it back and forth.

As he did this, Alexander continued to work the glass while still it was hot and malleable, using an almost all-purpose forming tool called the jacks, which looked like a giant pair of tweezers to make the rim by rolling the glob of glass against the flat part of the tweezers and even adding a handle by pulling some of the glass from the top side and bringing it down to the bottom.

"This tool is called the jacks and you are to master it," Alexander said as used the butt of the tweezers to make wave-like patterns on the rim, and then continued, "Because it will earn you your bread and butter."

Though it was Alexander's first time, he found the process very intuitive, like he could feel the current malleability of the glass and how much force he would have to give to deform it to just the right amount.

And so he remarked, 'Well, it looks like I missed by natural calling, haha.'

And then jokingly said to himself, 'Well, looks like I will not starve even if I lose Zanzan.'

Afterward, Alexander showed another tool, a large pair of shears, that he used to cut the handle off the bowl.

And then showed the last piece of equipment that confused Gajopk and the others, a wooden semicircular shaped mold with a long handle that was always kept in water.

"If you think your entire shape is ruined, then use this wooden mold to return the glass to its original shape by rolling it around on it," Alexander did so as he explained, turning the glass bowl into its previous blob shape, making it look like an incandescent light bulb.

"And that's basically all the tools." At last finished, Alexander then gestured Gajopk to return this glass piece to the furnace while also saying, "And if you feel like you have a tool on mind that can help shape the glass better, feel free to tell me or Gajopk or Takfiz."

This produced a few nods and promises from the worker, after which Alexander stated, "There's also a variation on this process, called "pattern molding. In that process, the gob of hot glass is first partly inflated into the mold to adopt its carved pattern and then removed from the mold and free-blown into its final shape."

"So, if any one of you want to do that, you can," Alexander encouraged.

And feeling he had finished everything he had to say, he said his final words. "Well, that's all there is to glassmaking, You can make various things out of glass by shaping them and can make bigger things by attaching hot bits of glass to each other, and then working them with cool metal tools."

"Easy right?" Alexander gave a playful laugh, which drew some wry chuckles.

And after done with all these, Alexander looked out to see dusk was imminent and so excused the glassmakers, who all were eager for supper.

"Gajopk, a word, please," Alexander gestured for the short man to follow him outside the shed and once there. Alexander smiled and smiled, "I am very pleased with the current quality of the products. You have learned the new techniques very quickly, I'm impressed."

"All by the grace of the lord," The glassmaker humbly bowed.

"Mmm, I will give you two more months to further refine your techniques and get used to the new tools." Alexander said and then accurately set the deadline, "We are approaching November now and so, you must to ready before January."

"No problem, master. Two months is a lot of time. And I assure you by then our products will not disappoint you," The glassmaker promised.

"Okay. I will be counting on you," Alexander lightly smiled, further adding, "We will specialize in cups, goblets, and figurines at first. I will give you some designs later to practice on. And so be sure that you have mastered these products by December."

"As you command master." Gajopk obediently nodded, and then quickly inquired, "Master, which flux do you want us to use?"

Alexander thought back to the three bowls, and then with a light smile answered, "We will make glass using all three of the fluxes, with the prices varying accordingly."

Naturally the cleaner, clearer glass would be more expensive.

As Gajopk nodded, Alexander bid his goodbye, adding at the last moment, "And if you need anything tell me or Takfiz. And if you want to recruit more people, prioritize potters. Their hand dexterity can be used in glass making too."

"Yes, master," After saying this, Gajopk was excused, and thus, the glass workshop tour ended.